The

Non-Subscribing Presbyterian

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Notes of the Month.

We are glad that our suggestion of a Roll of Honour has met with much acceptance, and in consequence we are enabled to publish this month a list of names. That is necessarily incomplete, but we shall later supplement it with other names as these are forwarded by representatives of our different congregations. Even as it appears in this issue, it confirms our view that our Non-Subscribing Church was doing its duty in this time of national crisis. It is interesting to note that since our last issue appeared, our contemporary, the "Christian Life," has commenced the publication of similar lists, containing the names of members of our English congregations. According to such, the latter was very well represented both at the front and in the training camps, while some have also contributed to the casualty lists. Unfortunately the latter fact will become more and more general before the terrible conflict is over.

The death of Earl Roberts came as a surprise and a shock to all who knew of his visit to France to inspect and encourage the Indian troops. But when the news of his unexpected death had had time to receive careful consideration, it became more and more apparent how appropriate it was that he who had so long and so conspicuously done his duty as a gallant soldier should, up to the last, have been found dutiful and devoted. This self-abnegation made us forget his long career and his great age. Some men do not seem to grow really old. Their inspirations and their ready response to claims upon their skill and strength appear perennially spontaneous and prompt. It was conspicuously so with the great soldier, whose loss we all now mourn. And we cannot but feel that the more this is perceived and appreciated, the more his great example and his exacting sense of duty will serve to perpetuate his memory. It is fitting that he should be laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, near to the memorials of men like Nelson, Wellington, and Wolsley, but his real abiding-place will be in the affections of the men for whom he cared and laboured, and by whom he was so honoured and loved.

* *

The Xmas of the present year will hardly be characterised by the usual celebrations, and for many people will be a time of sorrow rather than an occasion for rejoicing. But it is not fitting that we should let it pass without a word of greeting to our readers. Nor is it desirable that the thought of war should banish from our minds the message of "Peace and good-will to

men," which is intimately associated with the celebration of Christ's birth. Indeed, it seems to us the more imperative that we should appraise all the more heartily the significance and blessedness of peace when the all too sad consequences of war are making themselves more and more acutely felt. The old ideal, now seemingly so far away, must beget a new devotion and generate a greater enthusiasm. We must make clear to ourselves that war of such a character is not God's will for his children, but the consequence of human wrong-doing and wrong-thinking. Never again, it must be our solemn determination, shall the Divine purpose be so frustrated and made to appear so futile. Just in proportion as the spirit of Christ comes to dwell in our hearts and homes will our resolve become the keener and stronger, and lasting peace, instead of being a divine, far-off event, will be made the mark and measure of our uttermost endeavour.

* *

In spite of the War, we notice that the children are being catered for as usual this season, so far as books are concerned. Indeed, the children's books seem to be more attractive than ever. It is with particular pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the latest examples of Miss Praeger's work. These are to be found in a book bearing the unusual title of "Me," with a sub-title of "Baby Writes a Book." We understand that the letterpress is not from the artist's pen, nevertheless it gives her ample opportunity for displaying her unrivalled talent in portraying baby life. Full of lively drawings of happy childhood (many of them in colour), we cannot imagine any more attractive gift for a young child than this. It is published, as most of Miss Praeger's recent books have been, at half-a-crown.

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again."

—*Kingsley.*

Roll of Honour.

So far we have received the following particulars. The list, however, is not complete, as there are some congregations which have made no returns. Later, however, we hope to give supplementary details.

BALLYCARRY.

Gilbert Steele, H.M.S. Cæsar, R.N.
Andrew Blair, Royal Navy.
Edward Gray, Engineer, H.M.S. Argonaut, R.N.
David Nelson, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William M'Murtry, Lord Kitchener's Army.

BALLYMONEY.

Lieutenant James M'Kay, R. A. M. C.

BELFAST (First Presbyterian Church).

*Captain Gerald Lowry.
Lieutenant Kenneth M. Moore.
Sidney Orr.
Robert Kelly.
Alfred M'Clelland.
Sapper Alec. Steel, Royal Engineers.
Henry Wood.
Thomas Wright.

*Now in hospital, London, in consequence of serious wound.

BELFAST (All Souls' Church).

Dr. Malcolm Nelson, Royal Army Medical Corps.
Second Lieut. J. M. Henderson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second Lieut. Terence Duffin, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second Lieutenant Hewitt Stitt, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Mac Pettigrew, Royal Irish Rifles.

BELFAST (Domestic Mission Church).

William Allen.
John Wilson.
David Wilson.
Allan Hayes.
John Morton.
Thomas Morton.
James Miller.
John M'Clelland.
*Edward M'Cully.
Thomas Slater.
James Densmore.

*Wounded at Mons.

BELFAST (Mountpottinger Church).

Horace Steel.

CAIRNCASTLE.

Robert Wharry, Royal Navy, H.M.S. Ajax.

BALLYHEMLIN.

Lieutenant Harold Allen.
Joseph Moreland, R.N.
James Curry, R.N.
Samuel Curry, R.N.
Samuel Young, R.N.

BANBRIDGE.
Lieut. W. Haughton Smyth, Royal Irish Rifles

CLOUGH.
William Kilpatrick, N.C.O., North Irish Horse
James Coburn, North Irish Horse.
William Donnan, Royal Irish Rifles..
Joseph Bryan, Royal Irish Rifles.

COMBER.
Henry Adams.
Hamilton Bishop.
Alexander Burgess.
Robert Burgess.
Robert Dempster.
Thomas Dempster.
James Munn Dugan.
Thomas M'Quade.
William Mills.
Albert Stewart.
James Young.
Albert Young.
David Young.

DUBLIN.
Sydney Kidd, Commission.
J. A. C. Kidd, Commission, R.A.M.C.
A. S. G. Loxton, Black Watch.
A. Grimbley, Commission, R.A.M.C.
A. G. Birch, Commission, A.S.C.
Eric Falkiner.

DUNMURRY.
Corporal John A. A. Kelly.
Robert Vance, H.M.S. Duncan, R.N.

DOWNPATRICK.
Hugh J. Cochrane.
William Shaw.
Robert Neill.
William Stranney.
William Keown.
John Ferriss.
John Milligan.
George Mackenzie, Royal Navy.

DROMORE.
William Boal, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Edmund Boal, Lord Kitchener's Army.
James Clarke, Colonial Canadian Contingent.
William Darragh, 13th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Ervine, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Samuel Fairley, Royal Navy.
John Graham, Royal Irish Rifles.
William Greer, Royal Irish Rifles.
Ernest Hodgen, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Robert Edgar Jardine, Royal Engineers.
Robert Lindsay, Royal Irish Rifles.
Samuel M'Millan, Royal Engineers.
Thomas Martin, Lord Kitchener's Army.
*David Prentice, Royal Navy.
Francis Russell, Irish Guards.
W. J. Russell, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William Russell, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William Spence, Field Artillery.

*Lost in action on H.M.S. "Monmouth," off the Chilian coast.

GLENARM.
James O'Boyle.
Thomas Steed.
William Blackwood Pullin, Royal Navy.

HOLYWOOD.
George D. Black, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
John Boyle, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
Samuel Cooley, Royal Irish Rifles.
James Greenfield, Royal Irish Rifles.
William Hudson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Alexander Lennox, Royal Irish Rifles.
George Lennox, Royal Irish Rifles.
Captain Francis A. M'Cammon, Royal Army Medical Corps.
James E. M'Ervel, Public Schools, Battalion.
Duncan M'Ervel, Public Schools Battalion.
Robert M'Gilton, Royal Irish Rifles.
Thomas M'Gilton, Royal Garrison Artillery.
Second Lieut. J. D. Neill, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second Lieut. R. Neill, Royal Irish Rifles.
Samuel Patty, Royal Irish Rifles.
George Quee, Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Quee, West Yorkshire Regiment.
Staff-Sergeant William Scott, Royal Army Medical Corps.
Thomas Waterman, West Yorkshire Regiment
John White, Royal Irish Rifles.

KILLINCHY.
Sergeant Robert Murray.
Private W. J. D. Cromie.

LARNE.
Thomas Robinson.
Thomas Cook
—— Robinson.
Ephraim Robinson.
Sergeant Norman Canning.
Corporal Bob Wallace.
Corporal Jack Calwell.
John Sittlington.
William Campbell.
Andrew Aicken, Royal Navy.

MONEYREA.
John Clifford, Royal Irish Rifles.
William Clifford, Royal Irish Rifles.
David Bodel Spence, Royal Irish Rifles.

NEWRY.
James Colvin Thompson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Brice Rowland, Royal Irish Rifles.
William M'Alpine, Royal Irish Rifles.
Bertie Crothers, Lord Kitchener's Army.
David Thompson, Royal Irish Rifles.

NEWTOWNARDS.
John M'Cracken.
William James M'Cracken.
Thomas Harrison.

RADEMON.
Sergeant Thomas C. Patterson, 2nd Batt. Irish Guards.
William Alderdice, Ulster Division.
Samuel Spiers, Ulster Division.
Alfred Alexander, 2nd Batt. County Down Regiment.
Fergus Lindsay.

TEMPLEPATRICK.
Hugh Nelson Turner, Queen's University Corps.

THE NON-SUBSCRIBING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF IRELAND.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

A CONFERENCE of Temperance workers was held in the Minor Central Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday afternoon. Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D., presided over a fair attendance considering the inclemency of the weather, and Rev. E. H. Pickering, B.A., read a paper on "Drink and Poverty," which evoked a good discussion.

DRINK AND POVERTY.

First of all, as to the point I do not wish to make. I am not here this afternoon to maintain that drink is a good thing, or drunkenness a blessing. I hold no brief either for the blear-eyed working man who gets himself locked up at the police station, or the rubicund "gentleman" who in sublime unconsciousness is taken quietly home in a cab. The point I wish to make is, that drunkenness is not the only evil thing in the world, and, in particular, that it is not the sole cause of poverty. Some may ask, why go out of your way to maintain so obvious a position? The answer is, that to quite a large number of Temperance advocates, and those usually the ones who are most in the public eye, this position is by no means obvious. Time after time serious discussions on questions of social health and morality are brought to a dead stop by some fervid Temperance advocate contending against all comers that if drink were abolished the Kingdom of Heaven would be ushered in. But, as St. Paul tells us, drink is only one of the evils of our mortality, and not even the first on the list; for he says: "The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wrath, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." To be guilty of the great bulk of these sins, which all must admit are distinctly serious obstacles to our social health and morality, a man need not even know the sight of drink. I say this, not to strengthen the hands of the brewer and his customers, but in the interest of a true perspective. The temperance reformer has a great and important work to do, but he will do it all the more effectively when he realizes that his work is but a small part of all that has to be done.

This is most necessary when we are dealing with the problem of poverty. No one who is well-to-do, and has an ounce of humanity, likes to think of the awful poverty which is the lot of so many millions of our fellow-travellers 'twixt life and death. His first thought, however, is how to justify the existence of this inequality, which means comfort to him, misery to them. The usual way is to pride oneself on a superior character. Not only are these poor wretches less effective workers, but they drink. Now it cannot be denied that drink costs money; that drunkenness causes feebleness and irregularity. Hence the joyful conclusion that drink is *the* cause of poverty. But the evidence is altogether insufficient for such an absolute conclusion. In the first place, it must be remembered that many folk drink who never descend to poverty. If their position is fairly secure, if they have a decent income, if they are moderately cunning, they can drink and even get drunk, without paying the same extreme penalty as their poorer brothers and sisters. True, they may do themselves mental, moral, and physical harm, but there is no iron law of necessity which says that this inevitably results in poverty. As I have said, their position, means, and temperament more often than not safeguard them; or if these are not enough, their friends and relatives step in, and thus, even the most debauched and helpless wretch, who deserves to sink to poverty, is kept secure. Temperance advocates, however, are fond of bringing forward cases of men who, from a good position, have sunk to poverty through drink. Let us be fair; let us run over the list of those of our acquaintances who we know drink, and often to excess, and we must admit that, though often they mar themselves as human beings, and lower their financial position, yet very

rarely does one of them sink to abject poverty. So that when some well-secured, comfortably-off lady, whose sole and outstanding virtue, perhaps, is that she does not drink, brushes aside all the well-conceived and kindly inspired schemes of our noblest men and women for improving the lot of our humbler brethren with the words: "they've only their drunkenness to blame," I respectfully, though with an angry heart, reply: "Madam, who made you a judge and divider over men? Apply the same standards of judgment, or better still, of mercy, all round."

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that drink does not always cause poverty. It causes poverty, as a rule, where those who drink are poor to begin with. A working man's wages are usually so low, and the cost of drink so high, that he cannot drink enough to know he's had anything without making a big hole in his wages, and so impoverishing himself and those dependent on him. Moreover, he can't get drunk without running a serious risk of not being able to get up steady at about 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, and thus jeopardising his job. So that if he is to keep himself and his dependents from destitution he certainly would be well advised to give up drink. But this is imposing a much higher standard of morality on the workers than on those in a better position. Many folk, when they speak of the drunken and thriftless habits of the working classes, do not realize that if a working man spends five shillings a week on drink he is on the high road to poverty, whereas those in a better position often spend five and fifty times that amount and still remain secure. And, again, that though an occasional half-picked bone thrown away is a sign of deplorably bad housekeeping, where the income is 18s. or £1 a week, many folk can send away a brace of pheasants because they are badly cooked, and nothing happen to them. If we would be judges at all, we must judge ourselves before we judge others. They have many grievous faults, as we have many grievous faults, but their's are more noticeable because they are poor; and if you are poor, God help you, for you are expected to be a saint. These men and women of the working class ought not to drink, because, although drink does not always cause poverty, it does so if you are poor to begin with.

But it may be urged, all this is beside the mark, because the aim of the temperance reformer is to abolish drink in all classes, not merely among the workers. It is not beside the mark, I urge, if I have made it clear that drink is not necessarily a cause of poverty, and so prepared the way for a wider view of the social problem. Some, however, still obdurate, may ask: "But if drink is not the cause of poverty, what is?" In a book of so moderate, and even reactionary a tone, as Mr. Devine's "Methods of Relief," I find him saying in his chapter on "Intemperance," that although a great many cases of destitution are due to intemperance (as we should expect, for a poor man cannot afford to be intemperate), a great proportion of the cases are due to sickness and uncertainty of employment. Sickness is the lot of all, but a poor man could not afford the luxury of being sick until the Insurance Act—and then we accuse him of malingering—as, like his betters, he sometimes is. Employment depends largely on the vagaries of trade and also of the employers, and therefore the working man is often not the cause of his own poverty, but, rather, the cause is the system under which he works. Many things are the cause of poverty, altogether apart from the character and industry of the poor.

Incidentally, it should be remembered that the great majority, perhaps 99 per cent. of the poorer classes, did not have any choice about being poor. They were born poor. Into their drab surroundings, the light of laudable ambition rarely penetrates. They are handicapped from the first by malnutrition, ignorance, and poverty, given scarcely an opportunity of knowing or caring for any higher destiny than just earning enough to keep body and soul together. Humanity must be indeed a potent force, when we consider how great a proportion of these folk remain human.

But, while drink cannot be called *the* cause of poverty, I am not going to maintain the opposite proposition that poverty is *the* cause of drink, or else we should only find drink among the poor. Yet all the same I firmly believe that poverty is a strong predisposing cause to drink. The great majority of men who drink beer, wine, and spirits drink them simply as beverages. But they do not drink them as beverages when they drink to excess. Some few drink to excess because they are dipso-maniacs, but as a rule men who drink to excess do so for the sake of companionship and pleasurable excitement. They feel bored with their work or their home, and they seek to drown their sorrows in drink. As a rule, however, there are, for men in a good position, a host of less harmful excitements than drink. They are surrounded with pleasant homes, engrossing business, comforts, art, society, and a whole host of things which suffice to keep average humanity from being bored. The poor man, however, has much to depress him, and few harmless pleasures at hand to cheer him. His work, to begin with, is deadly dull. We, who for the most part enjoy our work, or if we do not enjoy it, do not find it very exacting, have rarely any notion of the empty dulness of most manual work. We do occasionally find a labourer who can take a pride in his work : like the street scavenger who, when asked by the foreman how a new man was getting on, replied : "He does the straightforward work all right, but he is not quite up to the fancy work round the lamp posts." But that man must have been a poet at heart. There can be little but depression in making up the fragmentary parts of articles whose completion they can never see, amid the clanking or whirring of machinery and the fetid dust or fluff-laden air of the work-room. Then there is the uncertainty of it all. No matter how sedulously they have worked from morning to night, oftentimes not daring to lift an eye or a finger for fear of losing time or making mistakes, some black morning they may arrive at the mill r factory door and find that they are not wanted until further notice. Nor in the intervals of working is there a comfortable home to rest in—except in the case of a few especially fortunate or especially gifted. I cannot go into details, but when one finds in a Blue Book reports on the housing condition of some of our towns phrases like this : "staircases unventilated, steep, tortuous, and often dangerously dark." or "the houses are situated on a steep hill ; many are built back to earth (*i.e.*, with their lower storey or storeys let into the hill). In the sloping ground behind are cesspools for the slop drainage of other houses." "The water supplied by the Council is insufficiently filtered, and is liable to contamination" —we surely blush for the luxury of our own homes, whether great or small, situated where there is pure air to breathe, and God's earth to see. In addition, the "lady of the house" in these slums is rarely expert enough to give the building the glow of home. Oftentimes she herself has to go out to work in order to augment the wages of her husband and children, and in any case the anxious stress of making, not both ends meet, but as Will Crooks' friend said : "one end meat and the other end bread," leaves her all too little time to bring comfort, when untold energy is needed to bring even a semblance of cleanliness out of the surrounding filth. Besides, she is rarely, if ever, trained in the exceedingly specialized work of domestic economy. The marvel is she does so well.

But the fact remains that there is not much to cheer a man up here, except the public house. A Manchester man is reported to have said that "beer is the easiest way out of Manchester." So our working man finds that beer is the easiest way out of his dreary lot. Besides, the public house is the working man's club, where he learns what *savoir faire* he ever possesses, where he keeps himself informed on matters of state ; but unfortunately, and almost inevitably, at the cost of drink he can rarely afford, and of a pursuit even more expensive and degrading, that is, gambling.

I submit, then, that poverty is a pre-

disposing cause of drink ; that is to say, that if it were not for the depression of poverty there would not be so much drunkenness. It is no use saying that if there were no drink at all there would be no drunkenness. For one thing, prohibition is hardly practical politics. For another, suppose you took the drink away from the working man, and left him his poverty (for I hope I have already made it clear that poverty exists without drink), you would leave him still needing something in which to drown his cares. The best thing to do is to go two ways to work. In the first place, if we cannot abolish drink, we can at least set to work to abolish or diminish drunkenness. Feeling that prohibition is impracticable, and the present system most undesirable, I can only suggest public control of the drink traffic as a way of meeting drunkenness. Something like the Gothenburg system should be adopted. The public houses should be more like cafés, where all sorts of refreshments could be obtained, and the managers should be given a bonus in proportion to their sale of refreshments other than intoxicating drink.

At the present time, when under the extraordinary excitement of war, some of our soldiers are bringing discredit on the army through not having superhuman strength enough to withstand the pressing desire of every friend to stand them a treat, and young wives labouring under the twofold strain of anxiety for their soldier husbands at the front (for they are not all glad to be quit of their husbands, as some misunderstanding folk imagine), and of the possession of more ready cash and neighbourly sympathy than usual, have taken to drink, we must regret that the state or municipality has not control of the drink traffic, so that it could prevent such sad occurrences by restricting alike the amount sold and the hours of selling.

In addition, there should be more clubs of an innocent and recreative character for men and women, girls and youths, planted amongst our poorer population. In the second place, we should resolutely set to work to tackle the problem of poverty at its roots. Casual labour should be regulated, sweated industries abolished, and decent homes should be provided by the municipal authorities, and the girls in our poorer classes should be compelled to receive good and thorough training in the elements of domestic economy.

These reforms, however, barely do more than penetrate the surface. Before poverty can be abolished a much greater change in social and economic conditions is needed than we can possibly discuss this afternoon.

After the Conference tea was served, Miss M. Warnock and Mrs. Slipper acting as tea makers. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Domestic Mission Church, Stanhope Street, Belfast, at which there was also a fair attendance. Among those present were —Revs. F. Woolley (pastor loci), J. A. Kelly, A. O. Ashworth, R. M. King, M. Watkins, W. Weatherall, Messrs. R. M'Crum, H. B. Hunter, J. M'Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, Dr. and Mrs. Hayden.

Rev. H. J. Rossington presided, and after devotional exercises by Rev. W. Weatherall, addressed the meeting. He said :—" I do not wish to take up much time this evening. As you know, the reason for our presence here is that it was decided, on the invitation of Mr. Woolley, to hold our Annual Temperance Meeting here. In this we have made a new departure, and we hope the results will be good. Our chief object is to give encouragement to our workers in this great cause, for we are all alive to the presence of intemperance in our midst, and we need to combat it by every means in our power. Our efforts are often rather disappointing, as the task is so great. We want to do so much, but feel able to do so little. We need encouragement, and we also need co-operation, and it is in the spirit of helpfulness that we have come to the mission to-night. The mischief done by the evil of intemperance is so great that the work we do to combat it is a very necessary one, and yet, as fellow labourers we all know the difficulties and the inadequacy of means to carry on that work. But we must still labour in the spirit of our Lord and Master,

and we must all mutually help and encourage one another in every possible way." Continuing, he said: "This meeting is being held under happy auspices, for there are no less than three men present who have been missionaries in this place. The first is Rev. W. Weatherall, the second, Rev. G. J. Slipper, who is to address you to-night; and the third, Rev. F. Woolley, your present missionary; so, although we are Unitarian in theology, we certainly have a trinity of missionaries with us. He next referred to the other speakers, who were friends from other denominations, and added, "we are always glad to co-operate with other denominations when they will allow us to do so. He was reminded of a man who once said to him: 'I like to go to a Unitarian church occasionally, but should not care to go very often for fear of contamination.' When these friends and workers have lost all fear of contamination by coming to help us, then we heartily welcome them, no matter from what Church they come.

Rev. G. J. Slipper delivered an interesting address, which embodied a general survey of our work as temperance workers, and a personal appeal for larger interest in the work.

At the close of this address the Mission choir tastefully rendered the hymn "God will take care of you," after which Dr. W. R. Hayden, who was most cordially received, gave a most interesting address on the subject of "Temperance from the Medical Man's Point of View." After thanking the Committee for the honour done him in extending the invitation to be present and address the meeting, which he greatly appreciated, he proceeded with his address. He said: "The medical aspect of the question is one that touches everybody in some respect. It may be placed under three headings—(1) The physical, (2) the moral, and (3) the spiritual welfare of the people, and I consider the physical welfare the lesser evil of the three. All spirituous liquors are detrimental to our physical welfare. They all contain alcohol, and that is the greatest bane to all human beings. If it were not used at all in any shape or form, disease would be greatly eliminated, and doctors would scarcely be needed at all. It affects all sides of human nature, mental as well as physical. Asylums would be almost entirely unnecessary if everyone stopped using alcohol. One very often hears the statement made that it has not any baneful effect at all, but that is entirely wrong. The very highest authorities all over the world say that even when taken in the smallest quantities it does harm. The part of the body most affected by it is the nervous system. The harm is not always seen at first, but is bound to show itself sooner or later. The following diseases are mainly due to this cause:—Psoriasis, neuritis, and paralysis. It affects the brain and dulls the nerves, and railway authorities would always, without exception, rather have total abstainers to drive their engines and for positions of responsibility because they know this is so.

It greatly affects the digestive organs, even when moderate drinking is indulged in. These organs are bound to rebel sooner or later against it, because it is an irritant and causes alcoholic gastritis. I have personaly known cases of this kind where these organs have become so irritated and inflamed that even water was rejected when taken.

Concerning the most important organ of the body, viz., the heart, this is affected most markedly by alcohol. The evidences of this are not easily discovered by ordinary examination, and the speaker knew of a case where a man, who looked to all appearance tall and robust, was, on examination by a special apparatus, found to be in danger of collapse at any time, and it was traceable simply to moderate drinking.

The kidneys also were greatly injured by alcohol. All the blood in the body is bound to circulate through the kidneys twice every minute, so if alcohol is in the blood, of course it is bound to pass through also, and as the kidneys are composed of soft tissue, alcohol changes and hardens them into a substance more like leather. A man of 40 years whose kidneys are in this condi-

tion is as old as other men at 65.

You will often hear it said that alcohol is useful in some cases. The trade says :—

(1) That medical men admit that it is a food ;

(2) That small doses are useful in cases of fatigue ;

(3) That it is also useful in the case of a chill.

Not one of these statements will hold water, and are quite fallacious. Even so-called invalid wines have never yet been found to be of the slightest benefit. They are not a true food at all. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, when speaking of food values, said : " There is sufficient nourishment in 6½ pints of milk, costing 2d. per pint, to enable a strong working man to live for one day solely upon it, but it would take £32 sterling worth of invalid wine, or any other wine to produce the same amount of nourishment. Alcohol is only a stimulant, and stimulants should never be given except by the doctor's orders.

The following quotation is taken from a statement made by Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon ; he says : " I was, as you know, with the relief column that was sent to Ladysmith, and of the 30,000 men, the first to drop out on the march were those who were drinkers of alcoholic liquor."

Another fallacy in regard to alcohol was that it proves a good remedy to administer in case of a chill. Nothing was more erroneous, for it is not of the slightest use, but in reality did harm. There is no better stimulant in cases of chill than a cup of good hot milk.

At the close of this interesting address the choir rendered the anthem " O Lord, how manifold are Thy works." after which the Rev. M. Watkins proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the speakers, and to the organist and choir for the beautiful music they had rendered. The Chairman having responded, the meeting was closed with the benediction.

" They never taste who always drink, ;
They always talk who never think."
—*Prior.*

For the Children

FATHER LARK.

By A. L. Aiman.

PERHAPS it was because he was so hungry and tired that, when he saw a few pieces of nice soft food in the lane which ran along one end of the field in which the nest was, he did not stop to look around first with his bright, sharp eyes to see if there was any danger near. Instead, he dropped straight down upon the food, and then, before he had time to fly away with a piece, such a dreadful thing happened to Father Lark that he could never afterwards think of it without a shudder.

For a huge net fell upon him, and pressed him flat against the ground, and whilst his little heart beat so quick and fast that it almost cracked with fear, he heard horrid shouts and cries, and an ugly ogre appeared. Father Lark did not know the ogre was a cruel boy, who, putting an ugly claw through the net, seized the poor bird, dragged him out, thrust him into a wooden prison, and bore him off in triumph.

Poor Father Lark ! How he beat against the bars of his prison ! How he flew up and flew down, from side to side, or end to end of the wicker cage, till his little body was all bruised and sore ! How he uttered the most pitiful cries, as he thought of Mother Lark and her wounded wing, and the little birdies and their hungry mouths.

Had you heard him I am sure your eyes would have *rained* tears, and you would have gone at once to his prison, opened the door, and said :

" Fly away, Father Lark ; fly, fly. Go back to your wife and babies. I would rather hear you singing in God's free air than in the prettiest and most handsome of cages."

But the boy did not think of that. Not that he intended to be cruel. He only thought it would be pleasant to

have a sweet singing bird hanging in a cage on the outside wall of the house he lived in.

He did not hear any songs, however, for some time. It is hard to sing when the heart is sad ; and whose heart was sadder than the heart of Father Lark ? For two days he was quite silent, just exhausting himself with vain efforts to break from his prison.

The ogre gave him good food and water, and perhaps Father Lark was grateful for his kindness ; or perhaps it was because he thought that Mother Lark might hear his voice ; or perhaps because he hoped that, if he sang very sweetly indeed, the ogre would open the door of his cage and set him free. Whatever the reason, on the third morning he raised his dear voice and trilled out a little tremulous song.

It was only a short song, and full of tearful catches and breaks, for sad was his heart and heavy, as he thought of the distant nest and all it held.

But the ogre did not open the cage that day, nor the next, nor the day after that. Yet as morning followed morning, the feathered prisoner always raised his song with renewed hope, for he would say to himself :

" Something tells me that I am sure to be set free to-day."

Then, when the night came as before, he would comfort himself by saying :

" Perhaps to-morrow the door will be open."

Now the ogre, as I told you before, did not intend to be cruel when he carried Father Lark, a terrified bunch of wildly fluttering feathers, away from his home in the fields. But because he was a thoughtless boy, and had to give so much time to cricket, and cycling, and boating, with a glance now and again at his lesson books, he forgot all about Father Lark's food and water. Seed by seed, and drop by drop it all went, till the trough was quite dry, and the little seed can quite empty.

Thus it was that when one afternoon the ogre brought an ogress—Father Lark did not know it was a little girl—to the window in front of which the cage was hung, the poor prisoner had had nothing to eat or drink that day. And the sun poured his rays full in through the open window, and beat upon Father Lark's brown back till he was quite faint with the heat, and hunger, and thirst.

But because the ogress had beautiful long golden feathers hanging from her head, and sweet blue eyes, and looked altogether so loving and gentle, and kind, Father Lark thought he would give her at least one little song.

So he hopped upon the veranda in front of his prison, and sang a few clear notes, but had to stop very soon. It was no use his trying to sing, he was far too weak. He dropped upon the floor of his prison, and turned his slowly dimming eyes to the gentle-looking ogress, whilst his beak opened and closed silently, and his little heart rose and fell as he panted for breath.

Then a change came over the face of the ogress. The loving looks passed away, and in their place came looks of pity, grief, and surprise. She turned to the boy, and said something to him which Father Lark could not understand, but which made the boy hang his head and blush for shame.

Then they both ran away, and in a minute or two returned bearing food and water. The little girl carried a packet of seed in her hand, and poured part of its contents in the can, till it overflowed, and formed quite a heap on the floor of the cage. The boy filled the water trough, and then both stepped aside a little to watch Father Lark enjoy the longed-for food.

Ah ! how sweet was that food, and how cool that clear refreshing water. Two or three seeds, then a beakful of water, then a few notes of thankfulness, then more seed, more water, and more thankful trills of song, till his strength returned, his eyes grew bright and clear once more, and his breast ceased to pant so painfully.

And what a rush of melody poured from his quivering throat when his meal was finished. He sang his gratitude, his hope, his love, his joy, in one tumultous stream of sweet harmonies, one gushing torrent of delicious music.

The little room, in the window of

which the cage was hung, was too small to hold the beautiful melodies. They tumbled over each other into the passsage beyond, floated down stairs to the kitchen, and reached the ears of the cook, who was very ill-tempered because the fire was behaving badly. But when those deliciously entrancing sounds entered the open door, they fell upon her ears like water in a thirsty land.

"That blessed fowl," she cried, "if he can sing like that in his cage, I oughtn't to be put out so easy."

Two men were passing the house as Father Lark poured out his song of gratitude. They came from opposite directions, and both stopped and gazed earnestly at the cage, and listened to the glorious refrain, and as they turned away with softened looks, their arms went out, and each grasped the other's hands in a warm clasp.

Now these two were brothers, who had quarrelled five years before, and had never spoken to each other since. But the music the feathered prisoner above their heads was scattering abroad so lavishly had reminded them of the days when they were boys together, and when their quarrels never parted them for more than an hour or so.

"Jim," said the elder, "perhaps I was too hard on you."

"Never mind," Jack," replied the other, "I tried you a lot, I know," and so down the road they walked, arm in arm, united by the memories of their boyhood.

Still the song rose and fell in the hot summer air, and parts of it were carried by the gently blowing breeze over the tree tops, and tapped at the heavy ears of old Granny Yarrow, as she sat in the sun at the door of the alms-house. And she said she was sure the angels were calling her, for she "hadn't heard the sound of humans for twenty years."

Other parts, again, dodged passed the grim verger, and through the open doors of the cathedral, where they mingled with the notes of the organ, so that the worshippers wondered why the music was so specially sweet that day.

Down at the bottom of the street was a little cottage, and in an upper room of the cottage knelt a mother watching by the cradle of her first born, who had just been snatched from the jaws of death. Some of the very sweetest notes were wafted through the cottage window, and wove themselves into the delicate web of the baby's dream, so that he smiled in his sleep, and tears of gladness dropped from the thankful mother's eyes.

And so he sang and sang, till, from very weariness of joy he had to stop. He had tried to tell the pretty little, kind hearted ogress, and the ogre too, how grateful he was for the seed and water. Ah! if the little ogress only knew how he longed and longed to be free; how his loving heart just hungered and ached for his home and little ones; how his——

But what is this? The ogress has taken his prison down and placed it on the window sill. She is too kind, Father Lark feels quite certain, to do him any harm. Even when she takes hold of one end of the prison with her claws he is not afraid. Golden feathers and blue eyes can never belong to a cruel heart.

She takes away her claws, and when Father Lark looks close he sees that the door of his prison is gone!

Oh joy! oh happiness! Is he really to be free to-day? The ogress has stepped aside, and stands by the ogre, with her claws on one of his arms.

Hop! and Father Lark is on the edge of his prison; hop! and he is on the window sill. He looks round at the ogress, who smiles, surely, as ogress with yellow feathers and blue eyes never smiled before. Spring! and with one swift rush of wings he is flying through the open air, free!

Free! FREE!! FREE!! oh, the wonderful beauty of the feeling of freedom. If you want to know what it is like, ask someone to shut you up in a wicker cage for a week, hang you up in the blazing sunlight, and feed you on dry seed and warm water!

Up he flew, and up, and up, singing madly, gladly pouring out his notes without thought, without rhyme or

reason; singing and soaring, soaring and singing, simply because he could not help it.

Below him was the field in which his home lay, and as he sang the notes reached the ears of Mother Lark. Ah! she did not need to be told whose song that was. Up she sprang to join Father Lark, answering his song with one as glad. Standing at the door of their house, the ogre and the ogress could see the meeting of the happy pair, as they circled above or below each other in the blue sky. What they said, who can tell, for their songs were blended into one sweet melody, which knew neither stop nor stay till, in their descent they neared their happy home, when the music suddenly ceased, and was followed by a blissful silence.

This is not a moral story, and although there are forty-seven and a half things in it to be remembered, I will only ask you to remember the half one. And that is? you ask. Oh! that you must find out for yourselves

AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

By Dr. John Campbell.

The old congregations in our Church are so closely connected with the religious life and intellectual development of Ulster that the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of any of them is an important event, which should receive due recognition. The history of an old congregation is both interesting and instructive. From it we get pleasing visions of the past, inspiration for the present, and strength to face the future. A tercentenary should, therefore, be celebrated in a manner becoming the three hundred years of struggle for the good and true of which we have reason to be so proud.

In their beginnings these congregations were an outcome of the objection which our forefathers had to being forced to subscribe the Articles of the Scottish and English Episcopal Churches. In the course of years this same non-subscribing attitude was maintained towards the Articles of the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church. At a later date the "relics of priestcraft and popery" found supporters, even within the ranks of Irish Presbyterianism, and our congregations stood firm to their principles and rejected a compulsory creed as embodied in the Westminster Confession of Faith. Thus, from the beggining until now, these old worshipping societies have remained true to the non-subscribing ideal, holding that the teaching of Jesus inculcates belief in righteousness of life rather than in creed or ceremonial.

Already, in 1913, the congregation of Ballycarry, or Broadisland, as it was formerly called, reached its three hundredth birthday. Next year, in 1915, our congregation in Holywood will do the same. These events should be marked by special services in the meeting-houses, by the distribution of leaflets giving a brief historical outline of the congregation, and by the spread of an emphatic statement that the congregation is now, and has always been, a witness to the fact that the religion of Christ Himself is a practical and moral religion, and has little in common with the dogmatic systems of theology which have been built up on the writings of those who came after the Master.

Reports.

Unity Guild.—Addressing a crowded room, Mr. G. J. Hill, our energetic treasurer, spoke to us on November 18th in the Mountpottinger School about "Ourselves." He told us what ideals the first organisers of the Unity Guild had had before them in founding it, and went on to point out how far short we have fallen from these ideals. Had the lecturer stopped here his work might have been easy, but he further undertook the much more difficult task of indicating in a practical way the means by which the Guild might be made to take a more important place in our church life. For the first time the question of forming local centres in connection with our churches was brought before our public, though the matter has been exercising the atten-

tion of a sub-committee for some months. That a deep interest was aroused by the paper was shown by the spirited discussion that followed, in which clergy and laity alike joined in thanking Mr. Hill for his valuable suggestions. The hope was expressed on all hands that some really practical work might be undertaken to follow up this excellent paper. This discussion would doubtless have been considerably prolonged had not the chairman warned the meeting that there were other matters to follow. Tea was then served, and half-an-hour passed pleasantly away in chatting with one's friends. A novel drawing and guessing competition, which gave much interest and amusement, was then introduced by our President, who had very generously provided two prizes—one for guessing, and one for drawing. The most successful competitor for the first of these was Miss Edgar, to whom was awarded a handsome picture frame. A drawing executed by Mr. Jardine, was voted by the rest of the competitors to be the best, and he received a writing case as a reward for his artistic efforts. It was now nearly half-past ten, so this very pleasant meeting broke up, feeling more than satisfied with the enjoyable evening which had been provided by our Mountpottinger friends. During the evening 20 new members were added to the roll, which is most encouraging to the committee. It is hoped the membership will continue to increase in this way, and that all members, new and old alike, will make an effort to be present at all meetings. This is what the committee specially desires, and it is a most encouraging thing for the members of the church at which the meeting is held, to find that the entertainment they have provided is well attended. The next meeting, which is described on the syllabus as "Impromptu Speeches Night," will be held on December 16th, in the Central Hall, when the pleasant task of entertaining the Guild falls to the lot of the First House.

* *

Glenarm.—On Sunday, 25th October, at 3 p.m., a Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in the Old Meeting House, which the young people of the congregation had tastefully decorated for the occasion. Owing to the severity of the weather the attendance was considerably smaller than would otherwise have been the case. Notwithstanding unfavourable climatic conditions, a party, consisting of Rev. J. Kennedy, Mr. Morrow, J.P., Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Scott (Dunmurry), motored from Larne in order to show their sympathy with the work carried on at one of the outposts of our faith. The service was conducted by the minister, and the Rev. James Kennedy, Larne, Moderator of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland, who delivered an interesting and practical discourse, containing appropriate allusions to the season of harvest and the present grave crisis in our country's affairs, in addition to personal reminiscences of the Old Meeting House, as he (the preacher) remembered it 50 years ago. Mr. Kennedy paid a warm tribute to the fidelity to principle shown by the men of the past generation, many of whom walked long distances, even in inclement weather, in order to be present at the weekly service for praise and prayer to Almighty God. Mention was also made of the fact that the erection of the Manse was largely owing to the untiring efforts of the Rev. James Calwell, who ministered here with acceptance for the long period of 28 years. Mr. Holmes, organist of the Larne congregation, efficiently presided at the organ, and suitable hymns were well rendered by the choir. A collection for the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund amounted to £2 7s. 6d.

* *

Holywood.—On Sunday, October 25th, and Monday, October 26th, Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in the First Presbyterian Church. The services on the Sunday were conducted by the Rev. G. L. Phelps, and in spite of bad weather were well attended. Monday evening there was a musical service, when an augmented choir rendered Simper's Harvest Cantata, "The Rolling Seasons," and an ad-

dress was given by the Rev. E. H. Pickering, B.A., of Belfast.

* *

Mountpottinger.—On Sunday, October 25th the Rev. J. Worthington, B.A., preached his farewell sermons prior to departure for his new charge at Heywood (Lancs.), when at both services good congregations were present.

The preacher, who was visibly affected, said it was naturally hard to say good-bye after 10½ years' occupation of the pulpit, and for very many reasons he regretted his departure, but at the same time he thought that he should have feelings of gratitude for the opportunities of service afforded him.

He came to the church fresh from college, and in consequence had perhaps at first made mistakes which had been kindly borne with.

In looking forward he thought there was every hope for the successful future of the congregation if only the young people who were growing up did not belie their present promise.

He was sensible of the many kindnesses he had received from the congregation—kindnesses which he feared he had not always adequately acknowledged at the time, and he therefore took the present opportunity of returning thanks.

Although he was leaving the church, the distance was not so great but that he hoped to be allowed the privilege of appearing in the pulpit again at some future date.

The half yearly Communion Service was brought forward on Sunday, and took place in the morning. On the preceding Friday a largely attended gathering of the congregation took place in the schoolroom.

After tea had been served, the chair was taken by Mr. Henry Napier, whom all were delighted to see once more after his very lengthy illness.

Rev. A. O. Ashworth, in answering the chairman's call, paid high tribute to the qualifications of Mr. Worthington, both as a minister and a man, whilst he also bore evidence to Mrs. Worthington's powers as a helpmeet.-

Messrs. R. J. Munn, M.D., J. M'Bride, J. Johnson, J. Steel, J. Malcolm, and E. R. Jackson having duly paid honour to their departing minister and his wife, the chairman called upon Mr. John Allen to make the presentation to Mr. Worthington, a task which was accomplished in a very pleasing manner.

Miss Maria Davidson performed a like duty in regard to Mrs. Worthington.

In returning thanks, Mr. Worthington said he looked back upon a very pleasant decade, and to pull up the roots had been no light task. He sometimes thought that the church might be thought to have done very little out of the ordinary, but when he came to sit down and go over the work that had been accomplished during his term of ministry, he found that a good deal had been accomplished, as his hearers might judge from the list he gave them. He only hoped that in his new quarters he would be as comfortable and on as friendly terms as he had been with his first charge.

Mrs. Worthington, in a neat little speech, expressed the feelings of sorrow she had in leaving her dear Ireland and the many old friends.

The gifts comprised a fine grandfather's clock with case of inlaid rosewood, and a gold watch wristlet, both being suitably inscribed, and bearing tribute to the skill of the well-known Unitarian firm of Messrs. Sharman D. Neill, Ltd.

A concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the forthcoming Sale of Work, was given in the schoolroom on November 4th, by members of the choir and friends. Mr. John Allen acted as chairman. Songs were rendered by Miss Molyneaux, Miss A. Gourley, Messrs. Bingham and Doherty, whilst a patriotic duet was rendered by the youthful Misses Florrie and Annie Newman. Mr. Kirk was heard to advantage in a couple of recitations, whilst Mr. Fred Clark rendered some violin solos in his usual accomplished style. A short sketch, entitled "Suffragettes," was given by Misses A. and E. Neill and N. Allen. The accompanists were Miss Ashworth and Miss M. Morrow, L.I.A.M. On the latter de-

volved the necessary arrangements, and in addition she contributed a character song to the programme.

* *

Newry.—Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday, October 25th, and Monday evening, 26th October. Despite the inclement weather there were large congregations at each service. Rev. Geo. J. Slipper conducted all services, and Mrs. Slipper presided at the organ on Sunday, and Miss Thompson on the Monday evening.

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